

THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH.

The French intellect is quick and active; it flashes up at once with a rapidity of lightning, seizing upon remote conclusions with a sudden bound, and its deductions are almost intuitive. The English intellect is less rapid, but more persevering; he relies himself at the expense of the public, like Duggerly, bewailing all his "indomitable spirit of doubt," but more sure in his deductions. The quickness and vivacity of the French enable them to find enjoyment in the multiplicity of sensations. They speak and act from immediate impressions, more than from reason, instinct, and meditation. They are, therefore, more at audience (influence); more full of the various phases of amusement, and more gay. The Englishman is more reflective in his habits. He lives in the world of his own thoughts, and seems more self-existent and self-dependent. He loves the quiet of his own apartment, which, even abroad, he is a master makes a little solitude around him, by his silence and reserve; he moves about shy and solitary, and, as it were, bathed up, body and soul.

The French are great optimists; they seize upon every good as it flies, and revel in the passing pleasure.

The Englishman is too apt to neglect the present good, in preparing against the possible evil. However adventurous may prove, let the sun shine but for a moment, and forth dashes the mercurial Frenchman, in holiday dress and holiday spirits, gay as butterflies, as though his sunshine was perpetually before him. And when over so bright, so there he sits, drunk in the blossom, the wary Englishman ventures forth decisively, with his umbrella in his hand.

The Frenchman has a wonderful faculty of turning small things to advantage. No one can be gay and luxurious on smaller means; no one requires less expense to be happy. He practices a kind of gilding in his style of living, and hammered out every guinea into gold leaf. The Englishman, on the contrary, is expensive in his enjoyments. He values everything, whether useful or ornamental, by what it costs. He has no satisfaction in show, unless it be solid and complete. Everything goes with him by the square foot. Whatever display he makes, the depth is sure to equal the surface.

The Frenchman's habitation, like himself, is open, cheerful, and noisy. He lives in a part of a great house, with many rooms, paved court, a spacious, airy stone staircase, and a family on every floor. All is chaste and chatty, he is good-humored and talkative to his servants, sociable with his neighbors, and complacent to all the world. Any one has access to himself and his apartments; his very bed-chamber is open to visitors, whatever may be its state of confusion, and all that is not from any peculiarly hospitable feeling, but from communicative habit which predominates over his character.

The Englishman, on the contrary, encloses himself in a snug brick mansion, which has all to itself, looks the four-door, poor broken glass, besetting along the walls and spring-gate, and man-traps at the doors. A single window exists in the quiet and privacy, and none allowed to keep out noise, daylight and company. His house, like himself, has a reserved, inhospitable exterior, yet whenever gains admittance is apt to find a warm heart and a warm friend within.

The French excel in wit, the English in good-humor; the French have gay, fancy, the English richer imagination. The former are full of vivacity, easily moved, and prone to sudden and great excitement; but their exuberance is not durable. The English are more phlegmatic, not so easily affected, but capable of being roused to great enthusiasm. The faults of these opposite temperaments are, that the vivacity of the French is apt to spark up and be frosty; the gravity of the English to settle down and grow mucky. When the two characteristics are joined in one person, the French kept from effrontery, and the English from obstinate kick.

The contrast of character may also be noticed in the great concern of the two nations. The ardent Frenchman is all for military renown; he fights for glory, that is to say, for success in arms; he regards the national flag as glorious, he cares little about the expense, the injustice, or the morality of the war. It is wonderful how the poorest Frenchman will revel in a triumphal bulletin a great victory is won and drink to it; and at the sight of a military sovereign, bringing home captured cannon and standards, he throws up his gray coat in the air and is ready to jump out of his shoes for joy.

John Bull, on the contrary, is a reasonable, moderate person. If he does wrong, it is in the most trifling way, and always for the good of the world; respects it. He is a moral person, and fights his neighbor for the maintenance of peace, good order, and sound principles; he is a mercantile personage, and fights for the prosperity of commerce and manufactures. Thus the two nations have fighting time out of mind, for glory and good.

The French in pursuit of glory, have had their capital taken; and John Bull, in pursuit of good, has run himself over head and ears in debt.—*Wrestling for Preige.*

FISHING IN OLDEN TIME.—Nor were Isaac Waltons unknown in the early ages. Theres and Beak Hausers, short white representations of gentlemen, were used for fishing equipment; sometimes in training banks, sometimes in pools constructed within their own grounds. Their heads were set on a chain; others are reclining on mats woven in the green turf, beneath a shade tree, if possible, if not, under the canopy of heaven itself.

6 o'clock.—The buttuck of beef too much boiled, and the beer a little of the stalest. Memramond. To talk to about the first fault, and to mend the second by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

7 o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, into the court-yard. Fed twenty-five men and women; caused Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with some broken meat.

8 o'clock.—Went to paddock behind the house with a long staff. Dorothy caught Casting, the little pony, myself, and rode a master of six miles without saddle or bridle.

9 o'clock.—John Grey, a comely youth, but what is that to me? A country maiden should be equally under the direction of her parents. John ate四十, stole a great many tender looks at me, and said: "Women could never be handsome, in his opinion, who were not good tempered." I hope my temper is not intollerable; indeed holds fault with not Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving-man in our family. John Grey like white teeth; my teeth are of a pretty good color, I think; and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it, and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

11 o'clock.—Brose from the table, the company did not desire of walking in the beside; John Grey would like me over the table, and twice he squeezed my hand with great reverence. I cannot say that I should have any objection to it, for the bark here is as gentle as the bark of trees, and the hand leaves of the bushes.

9 o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady, my mother, into the court-yard. Fed twenty-five men and women; caused Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with some broken meat.

10 o'clock.—Went to paddock behind the house with a long staff. Dorothy caught Casting, the little pony, myself, and rode a master of six miles without saddle or bridle.

Some keen sportsmen used the spear with two pointed points. Embarked in a boat of paypox, they glided over the surface of the lake or the canal as gently as possible, so as to not distract the fish by the noise of the broadheads of the lures. They plucked the instrument with one or both hands. Some appear to have had a spear which they darted to a short distance, alighting on the fish to its poorest being lost. That spear is greater and more ingeniously fashioned with feathers, like an arrow, to assist its flight. The end of the lance was held in the hand, or wound upon a reel. It is a remarkable circumstance that the South Sea Islanders had spearheads which appear nearly in the same manner.

The Egyptians had slingshots of soft leather, which they cast much in the same day as we do. The body was laid open with a knife from the head to the tail, being twisted as far as the bark here, sutured, and exposed to the sun to dry. They had a cane somewhat analogous to our tail of casting soft leather, and a string of leather, and the leather was bound round the cane, so as to make a sling.

1 o'clock.—Peter Farmer Robinson's house burnt down by accidental fire. John Grey prepared a salve for the benefit of the farmers, and gave no less than four pounds himself with this laudable intent. Memorandum: Never burn him down as that moment.

4 o'clock.—Went to pray.

5 o'clock.—Fed the poultry.

7 o'clock.—On the table, delayed in consequence of Farmer Robinson's misfortune. Memorandum: The goose pie too much baked, and the pork rotten raw.

8 o'clock.—The company fast asleep. Late hours very disagreeable. Said my prayers a second time, John Grey distract my thoughts too much the first time. John Grey slept and dreamed of John Grey—Mother's Magazine.

9 o'clock.—"So," said Mr. H.—(the celebrated author of *Vermont*) to a clerical friend, "you are writing a book."

"I am," was the somewhat self-complacent reply.

"Well, brother, you have just as good a right to make a book as those who know how."

POLISHED ALWAYS MEETS WITH ITS REWARD.—The following is a French paper:—

"Sir, sir, you have dropped your paper!" cried a young man in the morning, to a person passing.

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you," said the other, turning round and picking up a large bundle. "Excuse me," continued he, "but have I not the honor of addressing Mr. P.?"—"That is my name," said the young man, with some surprise. "Ay, I thought so. I was very busy in meeting you. I am about to go to the market of *Vermont*, and am ordered to arrest you on a bill of exchange for one thousand and five hundred francs. The paper which you were so kind as to tell me I dropped, was the same monogram against you."

Original Novellet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
Sousan & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District
Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

A MEETING.

Ay, fondly, fervently, these two had loved, Had mingled minds in love's own perfect trust, Had quivered bright masses, dream of mortal years, And when they met, they met in the bloom of life! But did not fortune bring this world of change, Rather than partings, off? And thus they met, Oh, since that youth's last passionate farewell! How changed in all love—lost, true, the strong, Joking in death whom life had parted.

—Pedic's theme.

Ay, "madder than partings," off, are meetings in this world of ours. Well is it if external change be the worst that has passed over us in the meanwhile; well, if the bright of youth and beauty and expectation be the worst blight; well if the tent form, wasted flesh, dimmed eyes, the worn marks set upon the countenance; well if the hard and sharp, or severe and minister expression there does not betray the world-maddened, flesh-debased, or devil-perverted nature; very well if, in all forms, spiritual life be not lost!

The meeting of these two long-separated friends of whom I speak to tell you, was not of this mournful nature. Bright enough, indeed, it was, with the blight of all youthful hopes and aspirations—the irreparable losses of all past time—for what could restore their more than twenty years of wasted life?—but without bitter regret for themselves or each other. The worst fault of their youth had been only haste, impetuosity, and thoughtless dissidence in one single instance, so painful and vexatious a fault as to have led them to part; but the rest of their days had been devoted to the duties they had respectively assumed.

The longer I have lived—the more I have learned of life—the more I have come to understand with the truth that we must co-operate, we are, through our own efforts, the instruments of our own happiness and misery.

We were youthful, and below all, we were faulty, and therefore were we given over to believe a lie! Had we been good, dear *Kastor*, had we possessed *Jeth* in each other, this great evil could not have approached. Nay I had but one of us had faith in the other, that single fault had been mighty enough to have defeated the destinies of all the powers of darkness. Had we been good, then the world had been safe in me to have withstood the mighty force of calamity, and even the deceptive evidence of your own sense, for a little while, and had I possessed the like faith in you, no power under Divine Providence could have served us. But we had already, in one instance, given up our honor to him who had been our master, and then again to part forever!—not but to adjourn our reunion from time to eternity—from earth to heaven! Oh, blessed hope! oh, bounded depths of joy to know long-suffering love, not lost, but sanctified, redeemed, immortalized, laid up the most precious crowning blessing among the "treasures of the earth."

I have a beautiful and gifted girl, who gave her heart's first love to her spiritual adviser—a saint, a heavenly love, yet must it be confessed as a son. And he, the young priest, loved her beautiful charge less strongly or less purely. But he kept that all possessive, heavenly love pure from falsehood and every form of evil. He did not seek a dispensation from his vows—he would not sin with faith pledged to God, not to man; he had one interview with his beloved—he set her soul on fire with a celestial ardor, adjured their union from earth to heaven, and offered her up to the Mission of Mercy. And she, with a loving reverence past imagination, bowed acceptance of that doom. The Lord gave her a short and glorious, though hidden life—a life whose mysterious riches and joys were all of the spiritual; labored life she led in the service of the saints and the poor. She was an era of love and hope and words and scenes in every spiritual and material sense was passed—where the external equal, life, birth, and disease were but the faintest indication of the inner features and decay. She went, in life, where only such spirits can go without bringing away the smallest speck of soil upon their white garments. Her labors were in another field, though among the same favored class. How much good their devoted charity wrought has never been computed here. They have both gone hence. And I have to thank them, united in heaven. This is a slight digression, and only made to illustrate the strong realization, the confident anticipation with which some spirits look to heaven for the sun and bright fulfillment of every day-suspected, earth-born, pure and spiritual.

Let me now return to my original request for such a meeting; for these only whose loves through earth, are lost for time and for eternity. *Kastor*, Madame Legrasse, Mother Agatha, whichever you may please to call her, for all these names was the mourning Abbess of St. Genevieve. Content justly entitled—had been prepared as well as it was possible to prepare such a woman, for such a meeting. First of all *Vivian* had written to her, informing her of the sudden death of Mrs. Malmaison, and of the causal meeting with the Abbé Lagrasse. Now it has been seen that very little love existed between *Ada* and the Abbess. And the intelligence of the catastrophe that ensued in life of the former, deeply shocked, without deeply grieving the latter. But that *Vivian* had been the greatest object of interest. The latter gave no further details—there was nothing to say than these two might have, one would suppose, to afford the opportunity for the fortnight that intervened. The reception of a second letter, advising Mother Agatha of the change in their plans of travel, and of their speedy return home, in the company of Father *François*. Half ready as she was for this news, it was nevertheless a shock of joy so thrilling and exciting heart and soul, that neither reading, prayer nor meditation could for days compose them. And then came a letter from *Père François*. What a letter! What an outpouring of the long pent fountains of love and passionate grief! "Oh! my long lost, lost, my ever mourned—my dearest—my only one!" he wrote—when *Vivian* never could have uttered down— "How sweetly hear us under the joy of the revelation that has been made to me. To know you bring—spiritually living, soul and body living, wise, good, and useful, not dead, not lost to Heaven or me—but saved, redeemed, treasured, and made as I am thine to all eternity. Ah! my love! I who have suddenly despaired and sought for death for so many years, now draw near the fountain of life, the source of all happiness; I now draw near the gates of heaven, my heart is at peace again. For though I surely knew that we are one forever and forever, yet would I meet thee, my *Kastor*, yet once more face to face in this scene of our love and sorrow—yet once more to recall, to explain, and then forever to pity and forget the *oppositional falsehood* that had your fair soul from my vision, and kept us apart and unknown to each other for so many years. Our Austin! he had his mother's heart of fire and soul of light."

"Mine! ah! an, non nais!" mused the Abbess at this point of the letter, "from me, indeed, perhaps the burning heart also—but not from me the bright and radiant soul!" Emotions too deep and strong for tears, shook her whole being. *François* was coming, and life and the world, ay, and the aspects of eternity seemed all changed in that prospect. He was coming—he had come! A letter from New York preceded his party by a few hours, announcing their arrival. Very sensible were they that as surprise

would tell the strength of the human heart when the Abbess, advised of their intended approach, set waiting them. Waiting! off! could any surprise have been more trying than that excited vigilance and continued suspense? Happily it did not last long. As soon as she could reasonably have expected the arrival of the young couple, she sent a message to the carriage to bring *Vivian* to the room where the Abbess stood incapable of speech or motion.

Vivian entered smiling with joy the bright radiant, embraced her pale and trembling friend, and whispering, "He is here!" gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

That meeting! that strange meeting of mingled joy and sorrow! who shall describe it?—it could either of the parties most concerned have given any clear account of it? A priest and nun—almost many years anterior to their assumption of religious and conventional habits—a wedded pair—might not now meet as levers or even as ordinary friends—the very clasping of the hands was forbidden by the vow that each had rashly taken. She arose to welcome him; but could only point out a chair, thus quietly inviting him to take the seat she had just given up. The Abbess, however, seated herself in the chair, and then, with a smile, said:

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

"He is here," gently seated her in the nearest chair, and went out and quickly returned ushering in *François* Lagrasse, and then retired, leaving the long reverred pair alone.

